Four Old Christmas Carols

1903
- illuminated pages
- copy of rare
old manuscript
65 -

Four Old Christmas Carols

Taken from scarce reprints of early manuscripts

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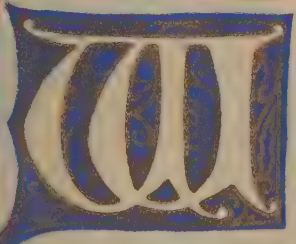
In Excelsis Gloria

Harleian MS Early MC.

CHRISTO PAREMUS
CANTICAM
EXCELSIS
GLORIA



hen Cryst was
born of Mary fre
In Bethlehem,
that fayr cyte,
Angells sang with myrth & gle
in excelsis gloria

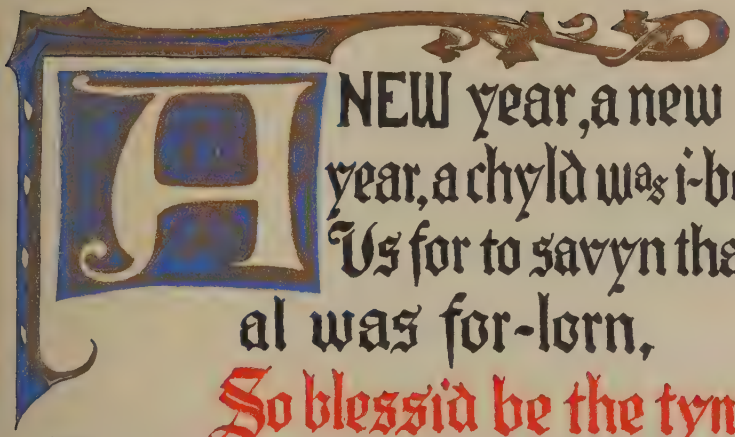
Herdmen beheld thes angellis
bryght,
To them apperyd wyth gret lyght,
And sayd, "Goddys sone is
born this nyght
in excelsis gloria

Thys keng ys comyn to save kynde
As in scripturas we fynde,
Therfore this song have we in
mynde,
in excelsis gloria

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace,
Graunt us the blys to se thy face,
Where we may sing to thy
solas,
in excelsis gloria

So blessid be the tyme

Sloane MS



A NEW year, a new
year, a chyld was i-born,
Vs for to savyn that
al was for-lorn,
So blessid be the tyme;
The fader of hevene his owyn
sone he sent,
His kyngdom for to cleymyn
So blessid be the tyme;
All in a clene maydyn our Lord
was i-lyght
Vs for to savyn with al his myght,
So blessid be the tyme,

All of a clene maydyn our Lord
was i-born
Us for to savyn that was forlorn;
So blessid be the tyme
Lullay Lullay; lytil chyld, myn
own dere fode,
How shalt thou sufferin be naylid
on the rode?
So blessid be the tyme
Lullay Lullay; lytil chyld, I synge
for thy sake,
Many one is the scharpe schour
to thy body is schape.
So blessid be the tyme.

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld, myn
owyn dere smerte,
How shalt thou sufferin the sharp
spere to the herte?
So blessid be the tyme;
Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld fayre
happis the be-falle
How shalt thou sufferin to
drynke ezyl and galle:
So blessid be the tyme
Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld, I syng
al be-forn,
How shalt thou sufferin the
sharp garlong of thorn?

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld,
why wepy thou so sore,
Art thou not God and Man in
one, what woldyst thou be more?
So blessid be the tyme.
Blyssid be the moder: the chyld
also:
Wyth bene dicamus Domino:
So blessid be the tyme

The iii Kynges

Harleian MS Time of Henry VII

Now is Crystemas
y-cum,
Fadyr and son
togedyr in won.
Holy Goste, as ye be won,
in fere-a
God sende us a goode new year-a

I would you synge for and I might
Off a chylde so fayre in syght
Hys modyr hym bare thys yndyrs nyght
so stylle-a
And as yt was hys wylle-a

There cam iiii kynges fro Galylee
Into Bethleem, that fayre cyte,
To sike hym that ever shulde be
by ryght-a
Lord and kyng and knyght-a

As they cam forth wyth there
offrynge,
They met wyth Herode, that
moody kynge,
thys tyde-a
And thys to them he sayde-a

"Off wens be ye, you kynges iiii?"

"Off the Este, as ye may see,
To seke hym that ever shulde be
by ryght-a
Lorde and kynge and knyght-a

"Wen you at thys chylde have be,
Cum home ageyne to me,
Telle me the syghts that you
have see,
I pray yow,
Go you no nodyr way-a"

They tbke her leve both olde
and yonge

Off Herode that moody kyng
They went forth wyth ther
offrynge
by lyght-a
By the sterre that shoon so bryght-a

Tyll they cam into the place
Where Jhesu & hys modyr was,
Offryd they up wyth grete solace
in fere-a
Golde and sence and myrre-a

The fader of hevyn an awngylle
down sent

To those iiii kynges that made present
thys tyde-a
And thys to them he sayd-a

My lorde have warnyd you
everychone
By Herode Kynge you go not home;
For and you do, he wylle you
slone
and stryc-a
And herte you wondyrly-a

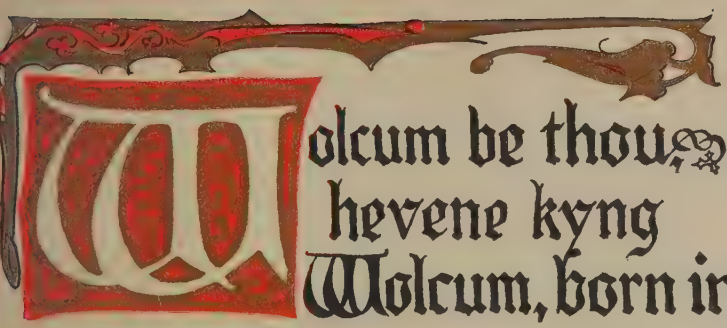
Forth then wente thys kynges iiii
Tyll they cam home to ther cuntré,

Glad and blythe they were alle iiii
Off the syghts that they had see
by dene-a
The cumpany was clene-a

Knele we now here a-down,
Pray we in good devocioun
To the kynge of grete renown
of grace-a
In hevyn to have a place-a

Wolcum Yule

Sloane MS. About time of Henry VI



Wolcum be thou hevene kyng
Wolcum, born in
a mornenyng
Wolcum, for love we shall syng,
Wolcum, yule

Wolcum be ye, Stefne and Jon,
Wolcum Innocentes everychon
Wolcum Thomas Martir on,
Wolcum, yule

Wolcum be ye, good new yere
Wolcum twelthe day both in fere

Wolcum, seyntes lif and dere,
Wolcum yule

Wolcum, be ye, Can-dylmesse
Wolcum be ye, qwyn of blys,
Wolcum to the, more and lesse,
Wolcum yule,

Wolcum be ye that arn here,
Wolcum alle and wyth good chere
Wolcum alle an other yere,
Wolcum yule,